

# Life

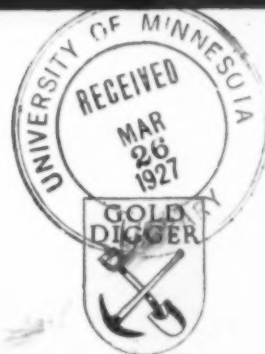
## All Fools Number



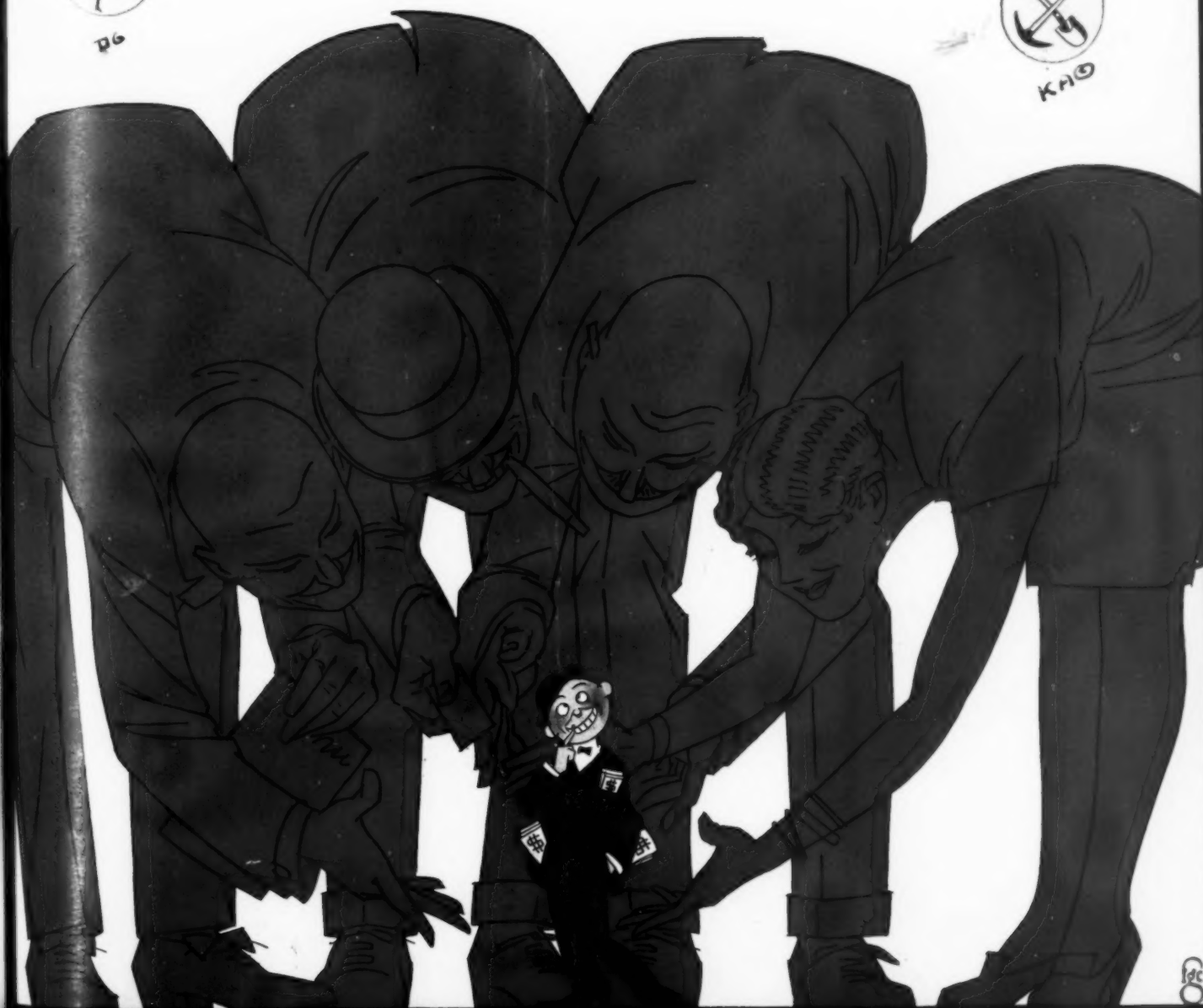
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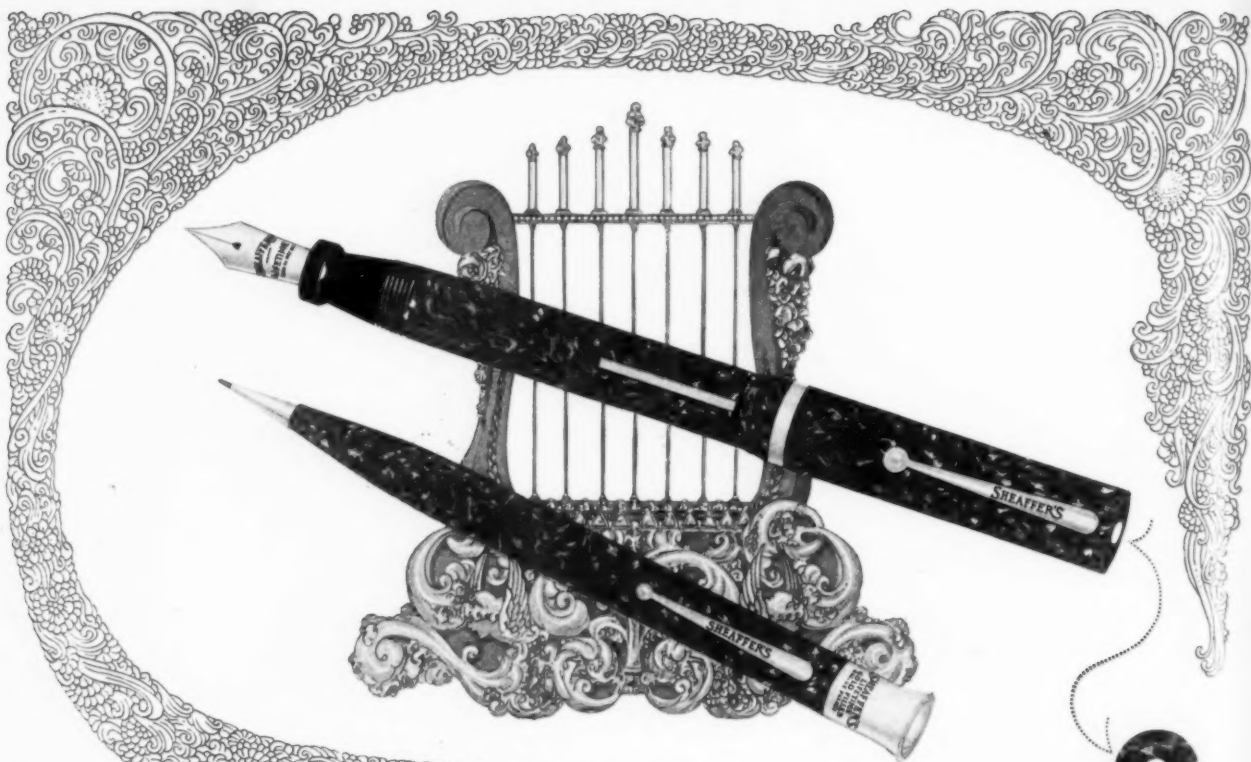
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KAG



"WELCOME TO OUR CITY"



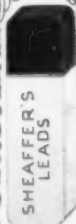
Identify the Lifetime  
pen by this  
white dot

*In tune with the most  
exacting conceptions of beauty*

The first thing that ought to be said about a Sheaffer Lifetime<sup>®</sup> pen is that it is beautiful. It is strikingly beautiful in appearance. It is outstandingly beautiful in performance. Its beauty is more than surface-deep. The jewel-like Radite of its sturdy barrel is but one of the fine factors that go to make it an *always dependable writing instrument*. That it is practically indestructible, that it may be run over by automobiles, or thrown from balloons without hurt, that it is unreservedly guaranteed to last for a lifetime, is but insurance of the *permanence* of its outranking beauty.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25

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DONALD  
DENTON

It remained for Hupmobile, with its beautifully-bodied straight eight, to give the eight a new significance. Where smartness once was content with fine body design and detail, today it demands in addition the smoothness of eight cylinders; and in that group, it decidedly prefers the superlative performance of the Hupmobile.

Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in fourteen enclosed and open bodies—\$1945 to \$5795 f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

Custom Bodies by Dietrich—New ideas, new luxury, new distinction in the beautiful custom body designs created and built by Dietrich exclusively for Hupmobile



IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

# HUPMOBILE

D I S T I N G U I S H E D  
T H E  
E I G H T

At the grocery or delicatessen store, just as on the Riviera, you can get Martini & Rossi (non alcoholic) Vermouth. In your home, as in some famous french cafe, you can feel surcease from the commonplace by mixing either the Martini & Rossi regular Italian or Extra Dry Vermouth (both non alcoholic). Stomachic and tart, it combines good sense and zest. Always the right thing before a meal, it is sure to be right any time. To get the genuine, insist on the non alcoholic. Send for "The Confessions of a Good Mixer" to W. A. Taylor & Company, 94 Pine Street, New York City.



#### HAD NOT READ OUR "CONFESSIONS"

*Over sanguine Sub-deb wrecks Costume Party when she attempts mixing a good one without Martini & Rossi non alcoholic Vermouth*

At the Better Grocery and Delicatessen Stores

# Life

Yes, Papa, but There Must Be Something Inside That Drum to Make All That Noise

SCENE: A Club

**BILL:** Have you been reading about the war in China?

**MATT:** Yeah, but I can't make head or tail of it.

**BILL:** It's really very simple. You see, the Northern army is sometimes designated as the "Conservatives" and the Southern army is often referred to as the "Reds." It has been reported that there are Russians serving in the first-mentioned army and also with the Canton army. Now Li Poa-chang, in order to prevent an attack on Shanghai by water, has closed the Woosung entrance of the Whangpoo River, which is the approach from the Yangtze delta, while Marshal Sun Chuan-fang and General Chang Tsung-chang have returned to the battle front, where they are to unite with Shantungese to combat Bolshevism. Is that clear?

**BILL:** Oh, yes, it sure is, but what are they fighting about?

**MATT:** Why—ah—you see... well, they are having some kind of a revolution, I guess.

**BILL:** I shouldn't wonder; do you suppose Babe Ruth will be as big a drawing card this year?

Spencer A. Spencer.

## A Post-Mortem

**DORIS:** What an awful sap George is! I really think that fellow is mentally dead.

**ETHYL:** Really! I didn't even know he was thick.



DEAF, DUMB, BLIND AND STUPID  
GIVE TILL IT HURTS—ME

CASH CURRENCY



Don't Ask Me Another! No. 1

**Inquisitive Clara, the Questionnaire Fiend:**  
WHAT HAVE THE FOLLOWING IN COMMON:  
ETHEL BARRYMORE, JANE COWL, SOPHIE  
TUCKER? (Answer on page 30.)



At the News-Stand

"WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?"

"AN ARTIST IS BUYING AN ART MAGAZINE!"

## The Patience of Job

"IF you'd stop beating your breast and start beating these rugs I'd appreciate it! If you want to sit in ashes you'll have to go into the kitchen! You can't do it here! Moan and groan! That's all you do! If you'd get out and do a few days' work maybe I'd get some new clothes once in a while!"

\* \* \*

"Mr. Job, your boils are caused by a diet lacking in Vitamine A. Avoid starchy foods, pastry, and fats and cut out the sweet stuff. Come back in a few days and let me know how you're getting on."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Job, but you'll have to pay for the last sackcloth before we can let you have any more."

\* \* \*

"I'm a representative of Yesman's Yeast Company, Mr. Job. We want permission to use your testimonial in our magazine advertisements. Have you a good photograph taken about ten years ago?"

Paul S. Powers.

## Town and Country

**CITY BANKER** (visiting the farm): I suppose that's the hired man?

**FARMER** (who has visited banks): No, that's the First Vice-President in Charge of Cows.



*Wife:* THE PIANO MAN WAS HERE TO COLLECT TO-DAY AND HE SAID UNLESS HE GOT THE PAYMENT TO-MORROW THEY WOULD TAKE THE PIANO.

*Husband:* HOW MUCH IS IT?

*Wife:* EIGHT DOLLARS.

*Husband:* LET HIM TAKE IT. WE CAN GET A NEW ONE FOR FIVE DOLLARS DOWN.

### Business as Usual

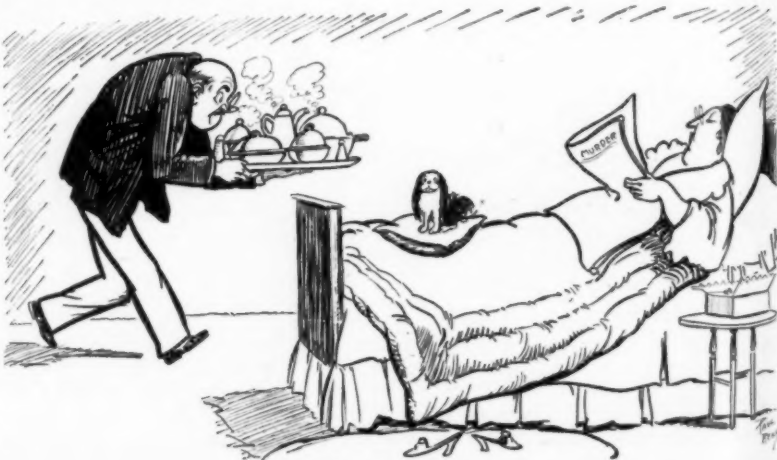
ACTIVITY in the Fool Market yesterday showed its usual briskness, the closing marking a healthy exchange in the customary staple fool commodities:

Brooklyn Bridge, City Hall and Grant's Tomb, \$500—\$5,000 asked and offered; gold bricks and Brazilian diamonds, lively; oil wells, silver mines and gilt-edged securities, steady; real estate, booming; poker and bridge games with strangers, normal; ringside seats, front-row tables at night clubs, two on the aisle in the second row, steady; second-hand cars, radios, phonographs, saxophones, etc., steady; gin, Scotch, rye, Bacardi, champagne, etc., brisk; pedigreed police pups, small demand; elopements, tea with the secretary, diamond bracelets and dancing lessons, as usual; auction sales, antiques and household equipment, etc., on instalment plan, brisk; drugstore analyses, lively; beauty treatments, diets and patent medicine compounds, steady; revolvers, normal; bargain sales, blondes pre-

ferred; joy riding, steady; interior decorating, light; beating locomotives at railroad crossings, normal.

Common or horse sense, little to no demand. H. W. H.

WHAT this country really needs is a five-day Congress.



HE'S NO MAN'S FOOL.

### Strictly Business

OH, in that brisk efficient land Of Business, nothing's wasted, & The Boss with joy will leap and holler

When some new method saves a \$,  
The clever lad who'd be thought hot  
Arrives each morning on the .  
Likewise, the boy who'd make a hit-o  
Saves ink by always writing "  
From office chief to office cat,  
Each one must know just where he's

@

Huge volumes show just what is spent

Expressed in detail and %  
The cost of one hour's indigestion  
Is figured out beyond all ?  
And overhead, from pins to rents,  
Is figured down to tenths of ¢  
And so I've found, at cost of slumber,

This most efficient way to #  
Typewritten lines, and shorten these  
Long words, such as ( ).

Wayne G. Haisley.

### A Tabloid Glossary

**MILLIONAIRE**—Any one who has a relative with more than five hundred dollars in the bank.

**Society Girl**—One who does not eat with her knife.

**Alleged**—We guess.

**Pretty**—Has two eyes, a nose, and a mouth.

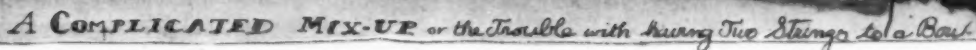
**Unimpeachable Sources**—The Municipal Building elevator man says.

**Débutante**—Under forty-six.

**Subsidized Press**—Papers with more circulation than ours.

**Art**—Two legs, naked.

**Spade**—A spade. E. R.



## By Robert Benchley

ABOVE is a reproduction of a late Eighteenth - Early Nineteenth Century English political cartoon recently acquired by Martin H. Lobley for his collection of Smeenies. It was found in an old hat.

For those who are not familiar with the political situation in England from 1780 to 1815 it doesn't mean much, but there are several very sly digs at contemporary personalities in it which would be appreciated by any one who was alive at the time. We hope that there is nobody who is old enough to get it now, as that would make him around a hundred and fifty, which is too old to be any fun.

The picture represents the embarrassing predicament which the Duke of Wellington found himself in shortly after the passage of the Corn Law of 1810. Wellington is shown here trying to prevent the Chancellor of the Exchequer (then a man known as Marbrake, or "Catchy" Mar-

brake) from throwing out the estates of the Queen Regent of Holland, shown here as "riding on the back of Marbrake," a slang term of the period meaning to cut down expenses. Marbrake is shown saying, "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?" which refers to his having been accused in the General Assizes of conspiring with Holland to keep the British fleet engaged at manœuvres while Spain (then in league with the Prince of Wales against the Duke of York) should seize Cornwall.

**I**N the bed is King George (III-IV), who is saying, "No more fun for me, d—," evidently a joking reference to his intrigues with Potsdam. The King is blissfully ignorant of the presence under the bed of Lomley, his arch-rival for the hand of Maria Midvale, the favorite of the Dutch Pope. Lomley is evidently enjoying the situation hugely, as well he might.

The Prince of Wales is shown on a tight-rope, trying to keep his balance between a bag of money and a jew's-harp. Nobody, not even those who were alive at the time, would know what the hell this means.

**T**HERE is also considerable speculation as to the meaning of the Queen Regent's remark about "toasting the flea." This may have reference to Wellington's well-known escapade in Hampshire or it may mean simply that the Queen was cock-eyed and talking gibberish.

On the wall, a portrait of the scion of the House of Hanover is remarkably slyly, "I guess that my aunt was right," which, in a way, completes the story told in the picture.

There are others in this series of Smeenie political cartoons, but they seem to have disappeared at the time of the Great Fire. Every effort is being made to prevent their being brought to light.

## The Night Shift in the Gold Mines

BACON an' eggs, an' some coffee, an' some toasted rolls. Speaking of rolls, daddy, I suppose you got one? They're such elegant cars. Well, I'm coitenly su'prised you ain't; a big hansum man like you. You'd ought to get one. Well, I allus says to myself that taxis were cheaper, but it makes a diff'rance to a girl when she goes shoppin' with a gen'mun fren'. Salesgirls allus show taxi-shoppers the medium-priced gowns, an' you wouldn't want me to be insulted like that, would you? I don't care myself, but I jes' couldn't stand it fer you, being insulted that way. Now, if you came in your Rolls, they wouldn't never make any mistake like that, and then when you weren't using it I could drive around th' Park in it without never worryin' about th' meter, like in a taxi. You wouldn't have no taxi bill to pay for me when I came back. Maybe I shouldn't worry about such things, but that's my way, allus tryin' to save money for other people. I hate to see my gen'mun fren' imposed on by taxi drivers. That's why I think you should ought to get a Rolls. Ain't you a scream, now, askin' me how you would pay for it? With a check, of course. Great big, successful men like you allus can write checks. Poor little me, I never can do it right. I make the awfulest mistakes. Some day, if you're real nice, I'll let you come up and go over my check book for me. It's in th' most annoyin' state. I never can tell whether the bank owes me money, or I owe th' bank. An' they allus take advantage of me. I just need some smart man like you to add up the figures for me an' show them where they are wrong. Maybe you could come up to-morrow afternoon? That's too bad. Well, never mind, I'll save it for you until you can spare time. I wouldn't even think of lettin' a ny one else even look into my check book. I think it's immodest, sort of. But you're diff'runt. It's like I read in a poem

Don't Ask Me Another! No. 2

*Inquisitive Clara:* IN THE ANNUAL WAR GAMES BETWEEN THE AIR SERVICE AND THE NAVY, WHO HAS BEEN THE MOST CONSISTENT LOSER? (Answer on page 30)



PREPAREDNESS IN CHINATOWN

once. "My nights are fragrant with fair dreams." Well, they never was before, but they're goin' to be now, I hope. I'm goin' to stop on th' way out an' pick up a teeny little bottle of perfume to remind me of you when you're not around. They've got some of th' darlinest perfumes here; only fifty dollars an ounce, too. Of course, there is some for twenty-five, but that isn't the sort of perfume I had sort of associated with you. Well, no, dearie, I'm afraid they wouldn't take a check; they wouldn't even take my check. These supper-club people are so suspicious. But next time we come here, we'll bring enough cash, won't you? Well, I suppose we must go if you have that luncheon engagement with th' big hem-an'-haw man from Missouri. I'm sure you'll show him a great big time. Where are you going to take him—to th' Mills Hotel?

James Kevin McGuinness.

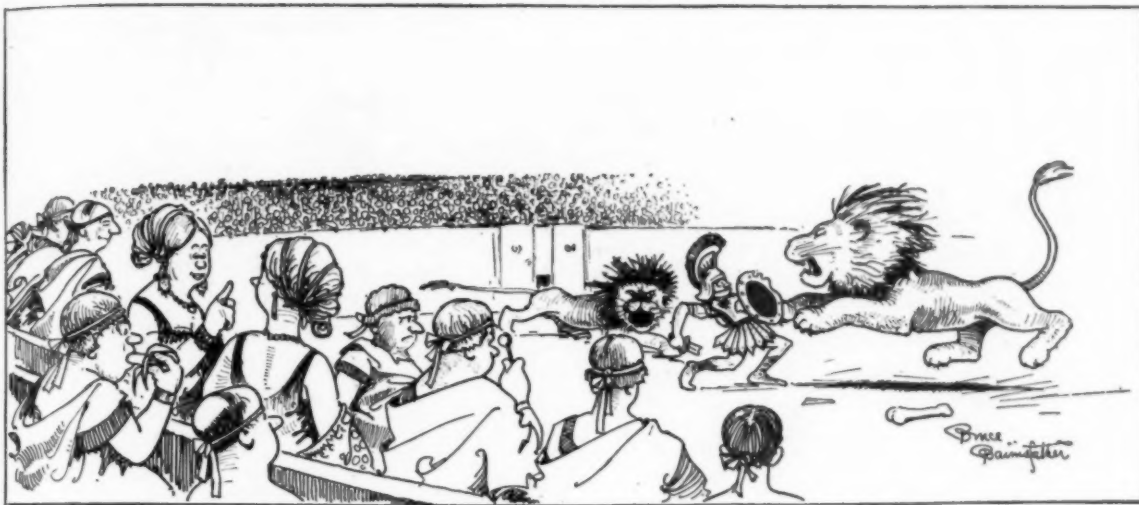
FANNY: Would you let a doctor vaccinate you?  
TESS: Not so you'd notice it, dearie.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST KIDDER

Ennui  
W I F E :  
Where is  
Ostend, John?  
HUBBY (steam-  
ship agent):  
Don't talk shop,  
dear.

THE producers of Broadway revues evidently want the theatre to be all undressed up and no plays to go.



*Wife of Gladiator (now in the arena): AND, MY DEAR, ONLY TWO-FIFTY A YARD.*

### "They Never Dreamed I Could Do It!"

IT was at the Schlossers'. Betty Byllesby shivered; her hands fluttered to her throat.

"I always get this way when I sit in the slightest draft. Such an awful soreness in my throat."

My moment had come! Until now, I had always sat in a corner sucking my thumb, envying the enjoyment of the others at these jolly parties.

But now, calmly, coolly, I arose and crossed the room to where Betty Byllesby sat.

"Open your mouth," I commanded.

Her mouth did open, in sheer amazement.

"Wider!" I snapped. "Say 'A-ah!'"

Under the spell of my perfect assurance, she obeyed.

"Your tonsils are not only enlarged, but badly diseased," I declared. "They should be removed at once. Just lean back in your chair and I'll attend to it."

Never will I forget the grins and snorts of incredulity, which changed to blank stares of amazement as I quickly drew a bottle of ether from one pocket, and a small case of surgical instruments from another.

It was the work of a moment to anaesthetize

her with a handkerchief laid over her nostrils.

In five minutes the operation was completed, and the patient regaining consciousness.

Not till then did the spell that had bound them break.

"Why, Edgar, I never dreamed you were a surgeon!"

"Where did you study medicine—in Heidelberg?"

So went the chorus. With a smile I silenced them.

"I'm not a surgeon at all," I laughed into their astonished faces. "I never was inside a medical school in my life."

"But how—what—where—which—why—" they all gasped.

"For fifteen minutes an evening, three evenings a week, I have been reading, simply reading, the Sledge Course in Home Medicine and Surgery. The lessons are more interesting than summer fiction or promotion literature. This neat little kit of surgical instruments is included in the price of the course."

(What this man has done, you can do!)

Wayne Kilbourne.

### The Business Men's Slate for 1928

FOR President: Albert Fall.

For Vice - President: Harry Daugherty.

For White House Spokesman: Thomas W. Miller.

Campaign Slogan: "Ten per cent. off for cash."

"READING seeks its own level," say Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. Probably this explains why so many tabloids are seen in the subway.



*He: THE MAN WHO MARRIED ETHEL GOT A PRIZE.  
She: WHAT WAS IT?*



Nothing Serious

"DO YOU THINK HE'S REALLY IN LOVE WITH HER?"

"NO—HE'S JUST GOING THROUGH THE EMOTIONS."

### Discrimination

#### FIRST GIRL IN KNICKERS:

You don't mean to tell me Margie has resigned from the country club?

SECOND GIRL IN KNICKERS: Yes, she got sore because they wouldn't let her play in the father-and-son tournament.

### The Verdict

"BEAUTIFUL," murmured the flapper tourist as she gazed upon the image of the Sphinx. And as an afterthought she added, "But dumb."

### Never Mind the Guard

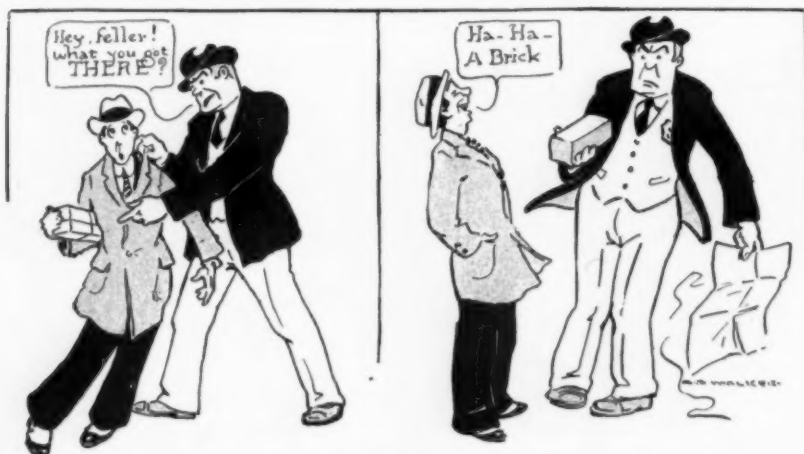
#### MOTION-PICTURE SENTRY:

Who goes there?

VOICE IN THE DARK: Lon Chaney!

MOTION-PICTURE SENTRY: Never mind advancing, I couldn't recognize you anyway.

"WELL, if that's your idea of friendship," said China to Great Britain, as the Coldstream Guards were disembarking at Shanghai, "I hope you don't ever fall in love with me."



TRY THIS APRIL FOOL JOKE ON THE NOSEY FEDERAL AGENT.

### Thoughts of a Young Man Calling on a Girl

GOSH she's dumb but she's beautiful I love the way the light shimmers in her hair and the way her eyes sparkle and flash when she smiles the only thing she can do is to ask questions and she never listens to the answers you can see her mind wanders wonder what she thinks of probably how beautiful she is or her next date or something wonder if she's in love with anybody well I couldn't afford to marry her anyway that's one consolation that dress she's wearing must have cost a fortune she must be frightfully extravagant and can't have the remotest idea of the value of money but she seems to have a good disposition always sweet sort of to everybody but you can't tell she probably raises hell when she's alone with her family they all do and they're always angelic when men are round heavens if she agrees with what I say in that bovine vacuous manner again I'll go nuts she never has an opinion about anything except movie stars but gosh she's graceful and pretty and charming I love to look at her why on earth is she asking me what I've been doing I know she doesn't give a rip and the minute I start to answer she'll be thinking about something else well I'm not interested in anything she says either I wonder if she pets they say they all do on occasion but I hate to start anything I can't finish oh gosh I wonder why I waste an evening this way but she is beautiful gosh I love to look at her...



Don't Ask Me Another! No. 3

Inquisitive Clara: WHAT IS A FEUD? (Answer on page 30)

Lloyd Mayer.

### Maddening

"HOW did Miss Talkative go crazy?"

"She tried to have the last word with an echo."

## PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER ELEVEN

*The Patient:* WOW! YOU SAID THAT WASN'T GOING TO HURT A BIT!

*The Dentist:* WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY... The tooth was so glad to be fixed that it jumped for joy!

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

MRS. OLIVE BACON,  
123 Elm Street,  
Andover, Massachusetts.

Five second prizes of \$10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

E. H. BEMIS, York, Nebraska, for the Alibi: "I got to thinking about that oil stock you sold me. We must be patient and keep on drilling."

JOSEPH GOLD, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the Alibi: "It was a slip of the tong."

MARGARET T. HEALEY, New York, N. Y., for the Alibi: "I thought one Yank would be enough; but the A. E. F. couldn't move that molar!"

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY, Paget West, Bermuda, for the Alibi: "That laughing gas I gave you has a peculiar sense of humor."

H. C. SYKES, New York, N. Y., for the Alibi: "The gas gave out and you started fighting when I said, 'There's something wrong with that meter.' I forgot you were a taxi driver."

The Winners of ALIBI NUMBER TWELVE  
Will Be Announced Next Week!

## ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 29

## \$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

HAVE you tried your hand at the new National Sport, Alibi-throwing? It is good fun and good practice (you never know when you may need Alibis for personal use); furthermore, it's profitable.

The picture below shows an episode during one of those "friendly little games" of bridge. Imagine the feelings of the frantic gentleman at the left, and the justifiable embarrassment of the lady who has incurred his wrath.

How will she cool him off? What could she say to divert attention from her own mistakes, and turn the whole thing into a joke?

The prizes for the cleverest and most ingenious Alibis are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER SEVENTEEN will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

## ALIBI NUMBER SIXTEEN



*He (heatedly):* WHY DID YOU SAY YOU COULD PLAY THIS GAME WHEN YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HEARTS AND SPADES?

*She (apologetically):* WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

## The Well-Dressed Man Reports a Holdup to a Well-Dressed Cop

**COP:** Can you describe your assailant?

**MAN:** I can. He had a clean-limbed look.

**COP:** What about his features?

**MAN:** His features were covered with a smart black mask.

**COP:** And his complexion?

**MAN:** Modishly bronzed.

**COP:** Was he well turned out?

**MAN:** Yes, but in the sporting manner. His trousers were held up by a single suspender button.

**COP:** Were they without the usual crease?

**MAN:** They were, and showed a tendency to bag at the knees.

**COP:** Then he was

in informal loitering togs, I take it.

**MAN:** Yes, with a serviceable sweater-waistcoat woven to stand rough usage.

**COP:** What about his footgear?

**MAN:** His footgear was of correct simplicity and on the old army last.

**COP:** And how was his personal linen?

**MAN:** His personal linen was far from immaculate. His shirting was a striped flannel creation with a detachable celluloid collar.

**COP:** In quiet good taste, I imagine. What was his neckpiece?

**MAN:** A conservative black string cravat.

**COP:** With anything to match?

**MAN:** Yes, with hose and kerchief to match.

**COP:** And what completed his ensemble?

**MAN:** A cap worn nonchalantly over one eye completed his ensemble. It added a distinctive touch.

**COP:** And how was he armed?

**MAN:** He affected the inevitable blackjack and automatic pistol which he carried with an air of insouciance.

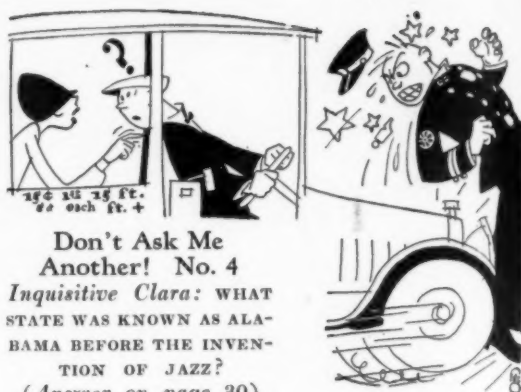
**COP:** Ah. Then by your description it was "Bum" Hodgers who held you up. But never fear. We'll search the clubs and saloons and we'll have your spats back in a jiffy. Good day, sir, good day.

*W. W. Scott.*

### Appropriate

**WILLIS:** Is it the male or the female kangaroo that has the pouch?

**GILLIS:** Male, I suppose. The female probably carries a cigarette case.



### Lines to Be Inscribed on a Collar Button

**MY** lord, when'er a lady fair Commends the lustre of your hair;

Adores your spats; admires your hat, Or compliments on this and that Of your attire, be quite at ease; No danger lurks in such as these. But when she readjusts your tie, Pick up your dogs, my lord, and fly!

*J. K. M.*



"COULD I GET AWAY WITH KISSING YOU?"

"TRY AND GET AWAY WITHOUT KISSING ME!"

### Good Opportunity

**BORE** (telling long story): Wait now; I'm getting ahead of my story.

**FRIEND:** Fine. Why not rest for an hour, then, and give it a chance to catch up?



**At 5 A. M.**

**Angry Father:** WELL, YOUNG LADY, EXPLAIN YOURSELF. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT?

**Flapper Daughter:** OH, DADDY DEAR, I WAS SITTING UP WITH THE SICK SON OF THE SICK MAN YOU ARE ALWAYS TELLING MAMMA YOU SAT UP WITH!



John  
BAYHAM

The Man Who Tells the Other Fellow's Story

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I haven't given up a THING for LENT this year because I am doing CHURCH work—can you BEAR it? But I mean I ACTually AM because you see our MINister asked me to take this JOB distributing these cute little BOOKS which are the New TESTament in SLANG or something and I mean I am disTRIButing them every DAY, my dear, after the NOONday SERVICE, I mean I'm SELLing them to people I KNOW, but I don't go to the SERVICE MYSELF, of course, because I mean I am so eMotional that it is very bad for my NERVES because I mean it makes me MORbid to hear them PREACHing about SIN and everything, do you know what I MEAN? But I simply MUST tell you about the MOST hectic thing that happened the other DAY when I was sort of CAS-ually distributing these little TESTament effects, because ACTually, my dear, it was SCREAMing, no less, because, you see, I had been READING this FRIGHTfully exciting 'Three WEEKS' book, which is practicably the ONLY one of the CLASsics that has any SENSE to it, and SUD-denly, my dear, I disCOVERed that it was GONE and I had one of these little TESTament things in my hand INSTEAD! Well, my dear, I was FRANTic—I mean I was ready to roll over and BUTter myself with disMAY because, you see, in a moment of arbiTRation I had sold somebody who wanted one of these little TESTament things this 'Three WEEKS' book that I was reading—can you BEAR it, my dear?—but I mean I ACTually HAD and HON-estly, my dear, I was SIMPLY RAG-ing because I was RIGHT in the most exCITing part of this 'Three WEEKS'—I mean I ACTually WAS!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## The Cut-Up

A NURSE: The head surgeon is awfully comical, isn't he?

ANOTHER NURSE: Yes, he has all the patients in stitches.

## Both Members of This Club

THE Christian had been thrown to the lions. "Lo, Leo," he said cheerily. "Howza wife and kids?"

"Swell, Joe. Howya like the new chariot?"

"Kayo, Leo. Goin' to take out the Sheba to-night if we get through early. Wotsay?"

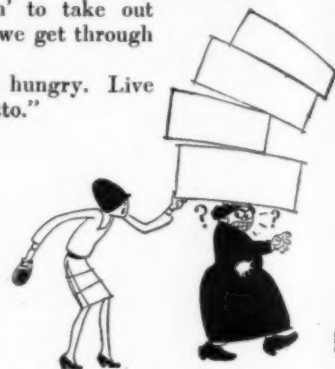
"Well, Joe, I ain't hungry. Live and let live is my motto."

"They ain't more than a hundred and fifty thousand here to - night, anyhow. Not much of a gate for a title bout. Let's give 'em a exhibition for about four rounds. Then I'll foul you."

"All right, Joe. Well, there goes the bell."

The battle of the first century was on.

B. F. S.



## Don't Ask Me Another! No. 5

Inquisitive Clara: DISTINGUISH BETWEEN EDGAR A. GUEST AND EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. (Answer on page 30.)

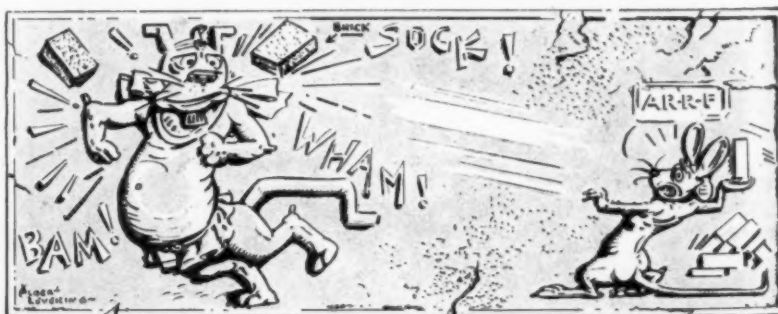
## Discouraging, Isn't It?

SIR FLINDERS PETRIE, Egyptologist, is to delve into a culture which existed in Palestine in 10,000 B. C. Twelve thousand years of culture and still "The Book of Etiquette" is one of the best sellers!



4000 B. C.

THE EGYPTIANS DISCOVER THE ART OF BRICK-MAKING.



3999 Years and 11 Months B. C.

THE FIRST COMIC STRIP IS MADE.



*First-Gold-Digger:*  
WELL, DEARIE, HOW'S  
EVERYTHING?

*Second Smart  
Moron:* EVERY-  
THING'S JUST DADDY!



### The Successful Man According to the Advertisements

HE'S a thoroughbred, alert, ambitious, vibrating with personality and good health, a business executive, influential, prominent, from a home of affluence, and in *Who's Who*. He drinks milk every day and watches his throat, builds up his muscles, prepares for the future, goes through simple exercises, eats yeast after meals, sets out for Wellville, and realizes that good taste in dress is a definite business asset, takes his smoking seriously, owns a jimmy-pipe, and pays a few cents more for his cigarettes which contain lots of punch but no punishment and are true to form as usual. He is a pal to his son, attends to his education by buying him an air rifle, and is the perfect host to all his friends by insisting on the right brands of ginger ale and getting new table silver and books on bridge, etiquette, and interesting conversation and reads fifteen minutes a day from world classics, glances into *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*, is at home with history, up on the drama, has a secret of mental growth and an encyclopædia in his home. He puts in all his time discovering just the right kind of shaving cream, the most satisfactory brand of lotion, and the only perfect self-sharpening, self-wiping razor that won't pull, scrape, or cut and the brush with the bristles set in rubber guaranteed not to fall out for twenty years and to hold plenty of lather in contact with the toughest beard and tenderest skin, a breakfast food with health for the whole family, and the one toothpaste with absolute protection and a fresh, in-

vigorating taste, and when he has finished the day's work of testing shaving creams, sampling breakfast foods, experimenting on toothpaste, and looking for trademarks he may get down to his office for a few minutes to make more money to buy that little country house in a fashionable suburb with modern plumbing, central heating and artificial ice.

*W. W. Scott.*

### Sedate

"ISN'T Bessie a sweet, old-fashioned girl?"

"Yes, indeed! She won't have anything to do with these new dances."

"No, indeed! She told me, 'The Charleston was good enough for my mother, so I guess it's good enough for me.'"



*Dazed American  
Traveler (to rescu-  
ing St. Bernard  
dog):* THANKS, OLD  
FELLOW, BUT HAVE  
YOU HAD THAT  
BRANDY ANALYZED?

### Life Lines

THE Government, we learn, is attempting to improve the quality of our one-dollar bills by the addition of a formula containing formaldehyde. They're even trying to poison our money!

A joint legislative committee is attacking the New York policy of dumping its filth into the harbor. In other words, ferryboat commuters must not throw their tabloids overboard.

"The employes were held at bay at the point of guns. This is one of the most darling hold-ups to occur in this section for many years."

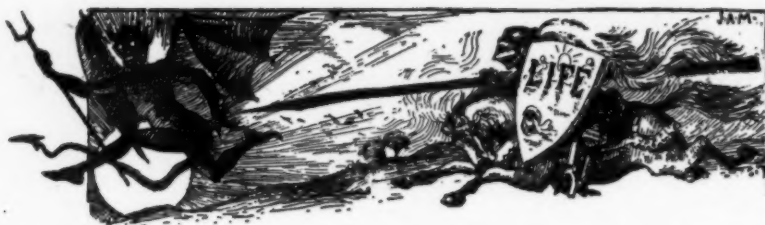
*—Medina (Ohio) Sentinel.*

In fact, it was just *too* adorable for words!

The Supreme Court decision invalidating the New York ticket-scalping law probably means that theatregoers who have been paying \$13.80 each for seats in the eighteenth row will hereafter have to pay \$13.80 each for seats in the eighteenth row.

Now that CALVIN COOLIDGE has vetoed the Farm Bill we think next summer would be a darn good time to get out the old overalls and do a bit o' hay pitchin'.

The number of new golfers this season will be larger than ever, and that reminds us that now would be a good time to organize a Hook-of-the-Month Club.



MARCH 31, 1927

VOL. 89. 2317

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

WE have it on the authority of all the newspapers that Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the inventor of Babbitt, has written a book in which he attacks the clergy and more particularly the Protestant clergy. That is splendid. He could not do the clergy, especially the Protestant clergy, a better turn than to sail into them hot and heavy and give them in full measure whatever he thinks ought to be coming to them. They need discussion. They talk freely about the rest of mankind and certainly the rest of mankind is entitled to return the compliment and will if only it can get interested in the subject. Mr. Lewis's book, so far as one may judge from what the reviewers say of it, is calculated to arouse this interest, and that, as said, is splendid.

He is a wonderful man, Sinclair Lewis. Anybody who can write a book and get as much free advertising for it as Lewis has for "Elmer Gantry" is a wonderful writer. What an extraordinary person, comparable with Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller or Mr. Coolidge or anybody else who has a lot said about him gratis! Every now and then that young fellow walks right up to the gong of publicity and hits it a resounding crack. The *World* or somebody offered him a prize and he chucked it right back where it came from and got a hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising out of it. A very remarkable young man!

And now he attacks the clergy. Splendid. Whether he knows anything about religion one may doubt.

Probably he doesn't. That he has understanding of a sincerely Christianized Protestant clergyman may also be doubted. Probably he hasn't. One would have to read his book to form any judgment about that and of course that might be a heavy job. But anyhow it ought to do good, for the Protestant clergy with the best intentions in the world seem nowadays to lack something that is essential to full success in their errand of promulgating the Christian religion. Being put on the trail of it they seem more and more prone to dodge off on rabbit tracks of various kinds and miss the real quarry that they are after. A good many of them are quite aware of it and will welcome Sinclair Lewis as a helper in a necessary operation that must be gone through with in the interest of true efficiency.



ANOTHER interesting writer has done another interesting feat. H. G. Wells has expressed something closely approaching approval of the United States Senate. Everybody else except himself, he says, abuses the Senate. It turned down the League; it prevents the United States from making treaties; "it makes the United States 'different' in the world of international affairs." So it does, but the particular action that Mr. Wells approves is that the Senate cast out a treaty fashioned at Geneva against the use of poison gas in warfare. He is for poison gas in war. He is for making war as rotten and as intelligent as possible. He is

not for having any nice war under rules. He thinks war is just a horror and might as well look so when its picture is taken.

Well, about poison gas Mr. Wells and the Senate are right. No agreement can rule out poison gas from modern warfare and all governments seem to know it. If we have another big war it will be a thoroughly modern disturbance and as nearly up-to-date as available knowledge can contrive it. That is the kind of war Mr. Wells would have. He thinks soldiers are just nonsense. He anticipates a chemical war—gases, disease germs and anything else that is handy to make trouble. His articles to that effect are running now in our newspapers and they make good reading.

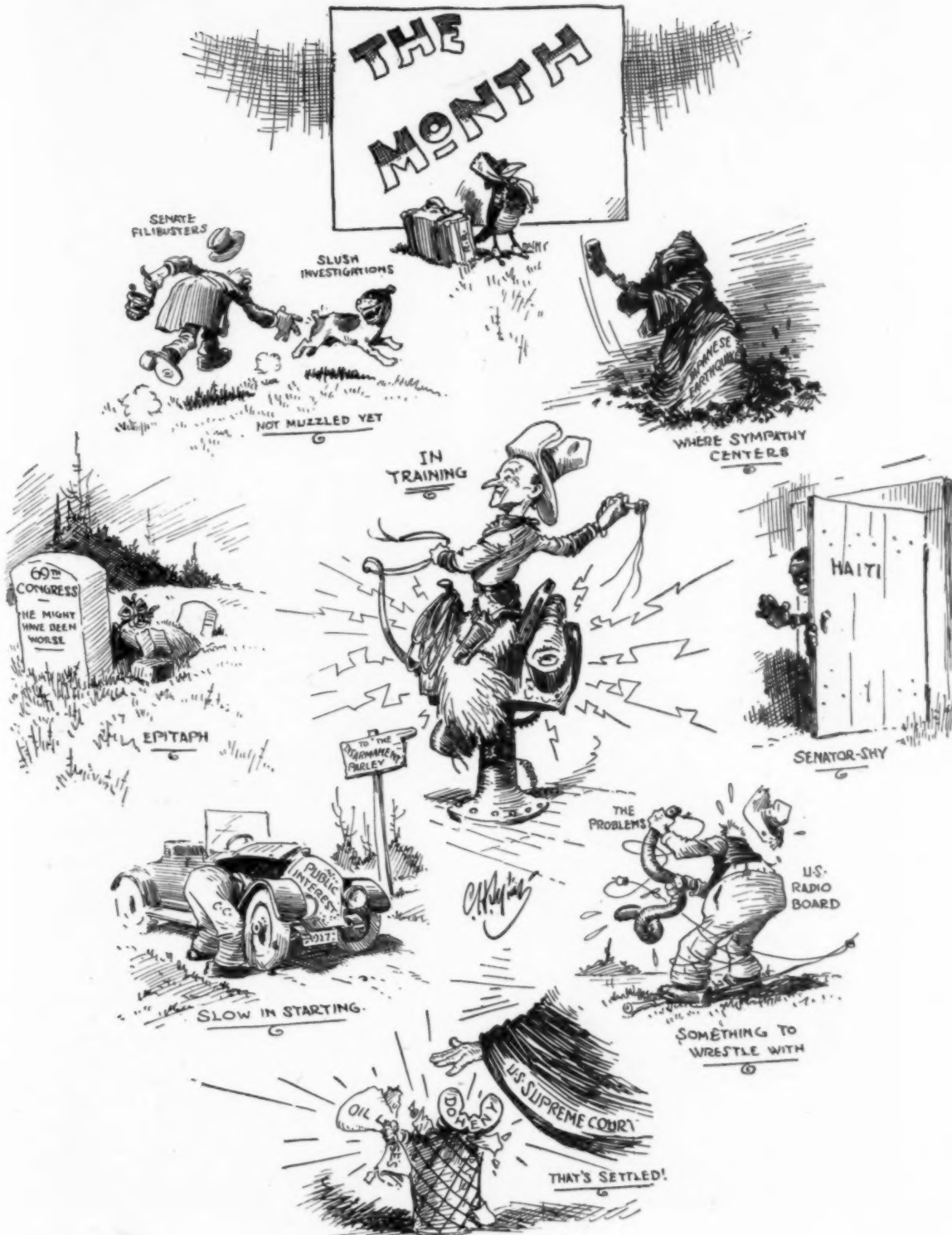
Mr. Brisbane in his daily remarks reaches out all the time towards modern ideas about war. He says the important thing is airplanes and airplanes mean all manner of bombing and intrusion upon civilian populations.



BUT useful as the Senate may possibly be, even though so few of us see it, that does not warrant filibustering in the last hours of the short session—such as went on the other day in Washington. Opinion against that is pretty general. The remedy best advocated is to abolish the short session, which runs every two years from the first Monday in December to the fourth of March, and start the newly elected Congress at its work early in January instead of eleven months later. According to our fallible human judgment that ought to be done. The Senate, to its credit be it told, has voted several times to do it but the House has prevented it.

GOVERNMENT by flogging seems to prevail in certain parts of Georgia. In those districts the disposition to put on a white gown and ride forth and correct deportment by whipping people seems impossible to eradicate. It became conspicuous with the first Ku Klux after the Civil War, and it has broken out in Georgia every little while since.

E. S. Martin.





The First Scratch the

Life



Watch the New Car

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**An American Tragedy.** Longacre—Dreiser than Dreiser.

**The Barker.** Biltmore—A good tale of the loves and hates of circus people under the Big Top.

**The Brothers Karamazov.** Guild—More trouble than you can imagine. Vividly acted by a Theatre Guild company with Alfred Lunt, Clare Eames and Lynn Fontanne.

**Caponsacchi.** Hampden's—Walter Hampden in a costume play made from Browning's "The Ring and the Book." All right if you go in for that kind of thing.

**Civic Repertory.** (14th St.)—Eva Le Gallienne's company doing very well, thank you.

**The Constant Nymph.** Cort—A tender and moving dramatization of the novel.

**Crime.** Times Square—James Rennie in a crook play which contains a robbery scene worth sitting through the rest of the show to see.

**Fog.** National—Reviewed in this issue.

**Granite.** Mayfair—Semi-amateurs doing better than most of their fellows in the little theatres.

**Laboratory Theatre.** (East 58th St.)—Where "Granite" was first produced and where one or two other worthy experiments are being made.

**The Ladder.** Waldorf—Showing that if you do something in this life, you do something else in your next incarnation. It's getting too spring-like to go to the theatre anyway.

**Loud Speaker** alternating with **Earth.** Fifty-Second St.—The new Playwrights' Theatre's first offerings, one an expressionistic farce, the other a series of Voodoo incantations. Nothing startlingly good, nothing startlingly bad.

**Menace.** Forty-Ninth St.—To be reviewed next week if it is still here.

**The Mystery Ship.** Garrick—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Noose.** Hudson—All right for this type of melodrama, with a performance by Rex Cherryman which is better than all right.

**Pinwheel.** Neighborhood—Another satisfactory modernistic presentation of the old story of Modern Civilization.

**Savages Under the Skin.** Greenwich Village—To be reviewed later.

**Set a Thief.** Lyceum—Reviewed in this issue.

**Sex.** Daly's—We are getting pretty sick of writing that word.

**The Silver Cord.** John Golden—A provocative play dealing with predatory Mother-Love, played well by Laura Hope Crews, Margalo Gillmore, Elizabeth Risdon and the rest of an expert Theatre Guild cast.

**The Spider.** Forty-Sixth St.—To be reviewed next week.

**The Squall.** Forty-Eighth St.—Quite a lot of hokey about a Gypsy girl with sex-appeal.

**The Wooden Kimono.** Martin Beck—Reviewed in this issue.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** Republic—Miss Nichols, the author, has gone abroad, so now we can say just what we really think about this. It isn't very good.

**Broadway.** Broadhurst—A swell show.

**Chicago.** Music Box—Several very dirty digs at such national institutions as chivalry, publicity and the majesty of the Law. Good stuff.

**The Constant Wife.** Maxine Elliott's—Ethel Barrymore in her element.

**The Devil in the Cheese.** Charles Hopkins—Fantasy which often gets across.

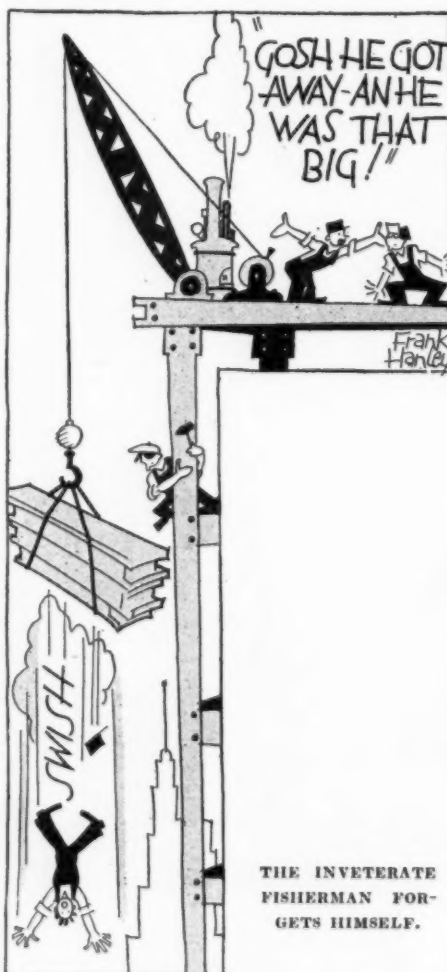
**Her Cardboard Lover.** Empire—With Jeanne Eagels. To be reviewed next week.

**Money from Home.** Fulton—Frank Craven in his own play, doing no harm at all.

**Night Hawk.** Frolic—An experiment with glands, featuring Carroll McComas.

**The Play's the Thing.** Henry Miller's—Some very funny scenes, mixed up with occasional double-entendres, and giving Holbrook Blinn and an excellent cast a chance to be amusing.

**The Road to Rome.** Playhouse—History revised to make room for kidding and Jane Cowl, adding to the gaiety of the season.



THE INVETERATE FISHERMAN FORGETS HIMSELF.

**Saturday's Children.** Booth—Economics for newlyweds and others, made into a very nice play, with Ruth Gordon as the young wife.

**Sinner.** Klaw—Technically a comedy, but dealing with enough marital trouble and infidelity to jam up a divorce court. Claiborne Foster and Allan Dinehart.

**That French Woman.** Ritz—Louis Mann and Clara Lipman. To be reviewed next week.

**Tommy.** Gaiety—Pleasantly innocuous.

**Two Girls Wanted.** Little—Just nice.

**What Anne Brought Home.** Wallack's—Fairly tepid.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Bye, Bye, Bonnie.** Cosmopolitan—Setting no rivers afire, yet there have been much worse.

**Countess Maritza.** Forty-Fourth St.—Still singing high-grade songs from Vienna.

**Criss-Cross.** Globe—All you have to know is that it is Fred Stone's show.

**The Desert Song.** Casino—All-around good musical comedy, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

**Gay Paree.** Winter Garden—A spring version; to be reviewed later.

**Honeymoon Lane.** Knickerbocker—Eddie Dowling entertaining a great many people.

**Judy.** Royale—Just bearable, except for Queenie Smith, who is always pleasant to have around.

**Le Maire's Affairs.** Majestic—To be reviewed later.

**Lucky.** New Amsterdam—With Walter Catlett, Santley and Sawyer, Paul Whiteman's band and others. To be reviewed later.

**Oh, Kay!** Imperial—Gertrude Lawrence, assisted by Oscar Shaw and Victor Moore, lending tone to the season.

**Peggy-Ann.** Vanderbilt—Helen Ford in a show we have seen four times and hope to see again. We're funny that way.

**Queen High.** Ambassador—Still bounding along to a pleasant score, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

**The Ramblers.** Lyric—Considerable laughter, owing to Clark and McCullough.

**Rio Rita.** Ziegfeld—A beautiful show to look at, with comedy from Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

**Scandals.** Apollo—Placing George White in the lead.

**Twinkle, Twinkle.** Liberty—One of the lesser bets, although Joe Brown manages to be funny.

**Vanities.** Earl Carroll—Not the best of the series, but any show with Moran and Mack and Julius Tannen is a good show for us.

**Yours Truly.** Shubert—A spectacular affair, with Leon Errol in good form and Marion Harris singing.

**Yo-San.** Jolson—To be reviewed later.

## The Urge

**RUB:** Columbus arrived in America in 1492.

**DUB:** How much did he want to borrow?



Sh-h-h-h!

THERE seems to be a well-defined theory of play-writing which specifies that a mystery show can be written by the furnace-man and acted by the veriest, or at any rate, the next-to-veriest tyros, so long as it has a face appearing at a window, or an arm coming through a port-hole, or a book-case which slides open disclosing a corpse. If only you can make the women in the audience scream, it makes no difference what you do to the rest of the audience.

"**THE Mystery Ship**," which is the worst of the mystery shows in town by a margin estimated by some authorities to be one nautical mile, has a pretty good idea, as mystery ideas go, but it is made to look like an old Confederate dime in the writing and acting. The device used here to make the women scream is the hand through the port-hole. We have seen this happen so many times now that the next time we board a ship we shall complain to the Chief Steward if the port-hole to our cabin hasn't at least one brown arm sticking through it.

"The Mystery Ship" is so bad that it isn't even comical.



ANOTHER screamer with a good idea is "Fog," and we must admit that as it progresses it gets more and more credible. This should not have been very hard to do, as the first act is about as credible as a pantomime of Snow White and Rose Red, what with young folks in evening dress making love on a deserted dock in a thick fog. But, after the ship has been adrift awhile, and it becomes evident that an infernal machine is hidden somewhere on board, we must admit a certain apprehension on our part, even though it was based on a dread of the damned thing's going off.

Here again we have the familiar hand through the port-hole, although in fairness it should be stated that "Fog" employed it before "The Mystery Ship" and probably will be employing it long after "The Mystery Ship" is aground on the clam-flats.

"Fog" also employs a scenic device which presents to public view the first stage ship we have ever seen to roll like the *Chester W. Chapin* of the New Bedford Line. The effect is that of rolling through a rock-pile, and if we had never sailed on the *Chester W. Chapin* we should have said that no ship ever rolled like that in the world. And our corroboration is based on the fairly untenable assumption that the *Chester W. Chapin* is a ship.



IT seemed to us that "Set a Thief—" since it was written by Mr. Edward E. Paramore, Jr., who knows how to write, might have been written with a little less heed to the conventions of murder-mystery plays, although it does succeed in being a bit less banal in its conversation. It, too, has a good idea. But we are pretty sick of these killings which take place in somebody's library, in which the maid and the butler are always in (or out of) cahoots and where, sooner or later, you can count on Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of imitation book-backs swinging outward.

Perhaps Mr. Paramore was deliberately writing something "the public wants," which would explain the many conventional features of "Set a Thief—" including a very obnoxious girl-reporter who talks entirely in tabloid headlines. But, on the whole, your intelligence is not insulted here to the extent of blushing.



THE oldest mystery play in town, and, to our way of thinking, by far the best, is "The Wooden Kimono." We have figured out that one reason why it seems the best is that it is not cluttered up by any love-interest. Now if we could only have a mystery play which didn't feel that it was necessary to have what is known as "comic relief." The next time we see a frightened colored maid or cockney underling poke a head into a mystery play, we are likely to leave on the spot, although in saying this we are probably mapping out for ourself as imminent an exit as that of the countryman who, on seeing "Hamlet" for the first time, declared himself after the first act ready to leave if "that guy in black" came on again. We fear that comic relief is in mystery plays to stay.



BUT "The Wooden Kimono" seems to be written with more of an idea to credible conversation and acted with much more plausibility than most. True, it has the regulation "Seven Keys to Baldpate" setting (and there was a mystery play, my hearties!) but it involves several new twists and a real surprise ending and had not only the ladies in the audience but your phlegmatic correspondent screaming loudly at times.

We have not seen "The Spider" as yet, as it opens after this is being written, but it will have to have something very fresh and new to set these old bones to rattling.

Robert Benchley.



### The Gay Nineties

"...and then Deadwood Dick's trusty carbine spoke—and another redskin bit the dust."

SCHOOL REPORT CARDS MAY HAVE SHOWN A DECIDED LACK OF INTEREST IN ARITHMETIC AND GEOGRAPHY, BUT IT WAS HARD TO FIND A BOY, IN THE HAIR-RAISING-PAPER-BACK NINETIES, WHO WAS NOT PROFICIENT IN READING. OUR SKETCH SHOWS A HAY-MOW LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE PERIOD—WHICH PERHAPS ACCOUNTS FOR THE PROFICIENCY—ABOUT TO LOSE ITS CHARTER.

### A Shower Bath

*As Taken by a Movie Actress, Professionally*

**S**MILES at audience.

Starts to remove gown, before mirror.

Various intimate removals, film discreetly cut.

Removes stockings, with back to audience. Smiles over shoulder.

Grabs silken robe and throws it about her—but not *all* about her.

Darts from room, in manner of interpretive dancer.

Luxurious bathroom: actress coquettishly adjusts rubber cap.

Smiles at audience knowingly, and turns on shower.

Makes motions preparatory to dropping bath robe.

(Intense darkness.)

Movie actress discovered in rubber sheeting of shower bath.

Smiles, and sticks out bare arm.

Continues smiling, and extends bare leg.

Wiggles toes, and smiles at audience.

Displays shoulder, glistening.

Starts to step out of rubber sheeting just as—

Black-gowned maid gets in way of audience and envelopes her in a horrid, rough bath towel. A. H. F.

### Not Broadcasting It

**M**ILDRED: What kind of a girl is Belle Slocum?

PAULINE: Well, I'll tell you. Belle reads the tabloid newspapers, but she doesn't leave them lying around.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**March 8th** My newest silken frock arrived this morning, the skirt laid out in box plaits on which I do dread to sit, for fear of undoing their precision, reminding me that albeit the initial cost of this garment be bad enough, the upkeep of it will be still worse. But in swishing about when I did it on, I was taken back to the days of my youth when an accordion

plaited skirt represented for me the acme of sartorial elegance. To luncheon at an inn with Marge Boothby, and she did tell me a tale of a woman who arranged with one of our more sedate private sanatoriums to bring her husband that afternoon to stop there for observation on the grounds that he suffered occasional hallucinations of being a detective, when he became violent and must needs be seized and calmed down. Then she did go to one of our leading furriers and select a thirty-

thousand-dollar coat, taking one of the firm's men, as well as the coat, home with her to arrange for payment. But en route to her house she did stop at the sanatorium, which looked much like a private dwelling, and the minute they were ushered within did say, "Here is my husband, Dr. Blank." Whereupon the fur firm's representative did ejaculate, "Her husband! I'm a private detective!" But it availed him nought, and before he could free himself sufficiently to secure proper identification, the woman was on a boat bound for South America, where God only knows what she could want of a fur coat, but it was that kind of story. I could see, moreover, that Marge was inclined to credit it, so I considered it noble of her not to add that it had come straight to her from Mrs. Jaekel or Madame Revillon. Answering my inquiry as to how she had made out with some strangers who had come to dine with her under steamboat-acquaintance auspices,

(Continued on page 28)



"IT MAY SOUND NAÏVE, DEAR, BUT IS THERE A PARTICULAR SEASON IN WHICH ONE SHOULD BE DIVORCED?"

### Ultimate Straw

"HEAR about poor old Slyce? Why did he do it? He'd stood up under all sorts of hard luck."

"I know it. Fire, shipwreck, panics, divorces—we figured he was case-hardened, and now he's gone."

"Jumped off that cliff by the third tee, didn't he?"

"Yes—just scrawled a note and left it with his clubs."

"What'd it say?"

"It said, 'This is too much. Have just made a hole in one, without a single witness. Good-by.'"

A SAN FRANCISCO firm offers bathers "Axle grease in all the popular shades."



He (to sister-in-law): I SHOULD HAVE MARRIED YOU.

Sister-in-Law: WHY?

He: YOU UNDERSTAND ME SO MUCH BETTER THAN CLARA.

Sister-in-Law: OH, THAT'S BECAUSE CLARA TELLS ME ALL ABOUT YOU!



**A**N article headed "Good Shooting" in one of the Continental English newspapers refers not to Mr. Mussolini, the well-known pistol target, but to elephants and rhinoceri in Central Africa. In it, the writer deplors the use of the breech-loading rifle and positively abhors the large-calibre elephant gun. He says that he only uses the former so as to be conventionally armed for the big game, much as he would doubtless pursue a prima ballerina in a dress coat, patent-leather pumps and an opera hat. Further than this, he says he would prefer to shoot elephants with a muzzle-loader, because if he misses the elephant, then the elephant has an opportunity while his hunter is reloading the muzzle-loader to charge his annoyer, which, of course, makes elephant hunting a highly sporting pastime. The writer then discusses amending the game laws of British Central Africa and, in effect, creates an open season for elephant hunters instead of for elephants. Here's wishing the elephants the best of luck, with a bag of at least one elephant hunter per elephant, and if a few lion and tiger hunters can be included, they will never be missed from the pages of popular magazines and brown illustrated Sunday supplements.

**O**NE of our most advertised acquisitions in the way of foreign noblemen is determined to show the world that he can work for a living, if necessary, and he says that he will do anything, including even playing tennis at Cannes, the tennis capital of the world. In one of Stevenson's stories, a young man tells Prince Florizel of Bohemia, during the Prince's tenancy of a tobacco shop in London, that he has made up his mind to go to work, and when the Prince asks him what he can do, the young man says he plays a good hand at whist.

"Look around you," says the Prince, pointing to the crowds on the London streets, and goes on to explain that every third person then in sight plays a good hand at whist. Had the Prince been in Cannes and

the young man had said that he played a good game of tennis, the Prince might have looked around him and selected any two out of three persons as good tennis players, so that a young man, noble or otherwise, who expects to earn a living playing tennis in Cannes is running into as much competition as if he proposed to operate a second-hand clothing store on Baxter Street.

If, however, tennis is a living in Cannes, in America it is hardly a game. It has, in fact, become a rite.

One acquires merit by playing tennis. It symbolizes a certain social position, for tennis demands a large leisure and a good-sized plot of real estate in a country where both leisure and real estate are expensive. Thus tennis becomes what Professor Veblen would call conspicuous honorific waste. Pool and billiards are not. They occupy the same relation to tennis as shooting craps does to baccarat, and yet baccarat has a strong resemblance to craps. The banker

(Please turn to page 31)



Fools' Paradise

# At the Theatre

**SHE** (taking off her hat and fluffing her hair): It's perfectly sweet of you to invite me to this play—what's its name?—anyways I've been dying to see it for ages.

**HE** (handing her a program): It's called "What Price Modesty."

**SHE** (dropping program): Oh, dear—I've dropped the damn thing. Never mind hunting for it—I don't want to read it anyways. Programs really never tell you anything that helps you to understand the play, do you think they do?

**HE**: Well, not very much, perhaps.

**SHE** (dropping her handkerchief): Heavens, I've dropped my handkerchief.

**HE** (groping gallantly): Here, I'll get it for you.

**SHE** (giggling): Isn't it a scream—I'm always dropping things!

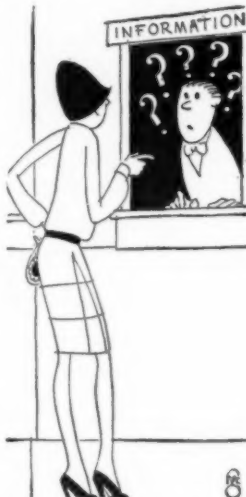
**HE** (retrieving 'kerchief and handing it to her): Here . . . (The curtain rises.)

**SHE** (squirming round in seat and surveying theatre; then leaning toward him and whispering loudly): Do you suppose there's anybody here we know?

**HE** (absently): Oh, probably. . . .



**Better-Government Advocate:**  
WHY ARE OUR HIGHEST OFFICES  
FILLED WITH POLITICIANS?  
**Voice in the Audience:** HOT AIR  
RISES.



**Don't Ask Me  
Another! No. 6**

**Inquisitive Clara:** WHO  
ORIGINATED THE  
PHRASE, "RIGHT WILL  
TRIUMPH OVER  
MIGHT"?

(Answer on page 30)

**SHE** (renewing survey of audience): My dear, I'm thrilled—I'm certain I see some one I know. Can you bear it?

**HE** (endeavoring to concentrate on play): Um-m-m. . . .

**SHE** (resuming normal position): I don't think it's very clear so far, do you?

**HE** (with faint irony): Well, it's probably a mystery play.

**SHE**: Oh, I had no idea it was anything like that. . . . Well, who do you suppose gets murdered?

**HE**: I guess we'll have to wait and see. . . .

**SHE** (putting on hat as curtain falls on first act): Well, I think it's really awfully good, but somehow I don't think it's very clear, do you know what I mean?

**HE** (resignedly): There are two more acts yet.

**SHE** (taking off hat): Oh, I'm terribly sorry—I thought it was over. But anyways, I'm thrilled to death!

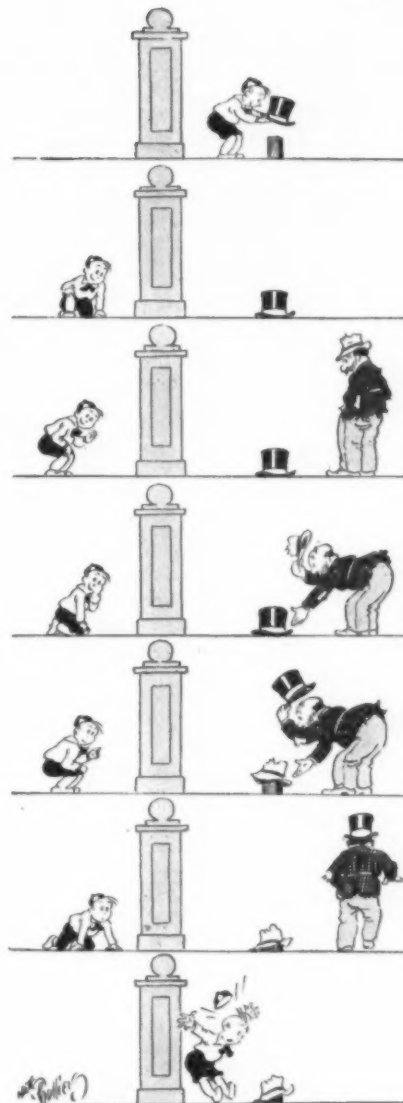
Lloyd Mayer.

## Mental Acrobatics

**TUTOR** (to young movie star): If you had five apples and divided them equally among seven people, what part of an apple would each receive?

**YOUNG MOVIE STAR:** I think you better let my double answer that one.

**THE** time is approaching when the number of divorces will equal the number of marriages. Love is evidently finding a way—out.



APRIL FOOL!

## A Scrap of Paper

**MRS. YOUNGBRIDE:** Oh, Harry, you've d-d-deceived me! We're not legally married!

**HER HUSBAND:** But Marjorie! What makes you think that?

**MRS. YOUNGBRIDE:** I took our marriage certificate to the bank and they wouldn't lend me a cent on it!

**THE** Princeton Senior Council resigned in protest against the ruling forbidding students to own or operate cars near the campus. If such a ruling were made at the University of Detroit the students would not only resign—they'd secede from the Union.



### "The Love of Sunya"

IT would be a pleasure to report that Gloria Swanson, in her first venture as an independent star, had risen to new heights of artistry. Such, regrettably, is not the case. Unfettered by the Zukorian shackles, Miss Swanson has produced a picture which is so-so, and no more.

"The Love of Sunya" is a variation of the "Eyes of Youth" theme, in which the heroine, being compelled to select one of three possible courses of action, is enabled to foretell the results of each through the medium of a crystal ball.

If that crystal ball had really been efficacious, it would have informed Miss Swanson that she was making an inauspicious start on her career as a free agent; it would have warned her that a story, however tricky its idea may be, will fail to ring true dramatically unless its characters can glow with the warmth of reality.

BECAUSE of the phony quality of its characters, "The Love of Sunya" fails to be otherwise than dull. Miss Swanson, who works hard and effectively, manages to hold

the audience's interest and sympathy; but in the others who move about on the screen there isn't even the semblance of an animate corpse. They're all as utterly automatic, as uninspired, as is the metallic monster that emerges from the

lightning-filled laboratory in "Metropolis."

Albert Parker has shown great mechanical skill in directing "The Love of Sunya," but little of his usual lively imagination.

### "Let It Rain"

DOUGLAS MacLEAN has followed almost every one else in Hollywood into uniform, and with singularly happy results. "Let It Rain" is just about the best of his pictures.

The scenes are on shipboard, and most of the comedy action is derived from the traditional hostility which exists between gobs and leathernecks. Uncle Sam's boys are represented as irrepressibly prankful fellows who are always up to some humorous deviltry; luckily, the jokes that they are forever playing on one another happen to be good jokes.

Mr. MacLean has a good team-mate in Wade Boteler, who represents the Navy in the fratricidal strife that goes on continually; between the two of them, they manage to make "Let It Rain" a rowdy and funny affair.

R. E. Sherwood.



"DARLING, I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T MARRY WHILE AUNT SUSIE IS ALIVE."

"GRACIOUS, WHY NOT?"

"SHE PLAYED ME A ROTTEN TRICK. SHE PUT ALL OF MY MONEY INTO HER WILL."

### Recent Developments

**Metropolis.** A lengthy and utterly cockeyed conception of the world in the Age of Efficiency, with some astounding photographic effects and a great many platitudes.

**When a Man Loves.** John Barrymore and the ravishing Dolores Costello in a strenuous romantic melodrama.

**Stark Love.** A fine, true picture of mountaineer life, directed by Karl Brown.

**Love's Greatest Mistake.** The somewhat sad story of a jazzy girl who played with fire and wasn't quite burned.

**The Kid Brother.** A few of Harold Lloyd's best gags.

**It.** Clara Bow is very alluring as an ambitious shopgirl who gets her man.

**The Night of Love.** Elaborate hokey, with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

**Paradise for Two.** Richard Dix in a pleasant but easily forgettable farce.

**The General.** Buster Keaton drives a locomotive through the Civil War, but he doesn't know just where to stop.

**The Music Master.** Tepid sentiment. **Blonde or Brunette.** Two lovely ladies and a flighty gentleman, with Adolphe Menjou as the latter.

**Tell It to the Marines.** Lon Chaney, without benefit of make-up, gives a startlingly realistic performance as the Top Sergeant Eternal.

**Nobody's Widow.** Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray in farcical complications.

**The Potters.** Comic-strip impressions

of American home life, with Will Fields as the sat-upon husband.

**Hotel Imperial.** Pola Negri in a picture that is technically effective but dramatically feeble.

**The Better 'Ole.** Rough-house fun among the Tommies, with Syd Chaplin as Old Bill.

**Ben-Hur.** They do everything to Ramón Novarro except throw him to the lions.

**Flesh and the Devil.** Some interesting views of Greta Garbo's beautiful neck, completely surrounded by John Gilbert.

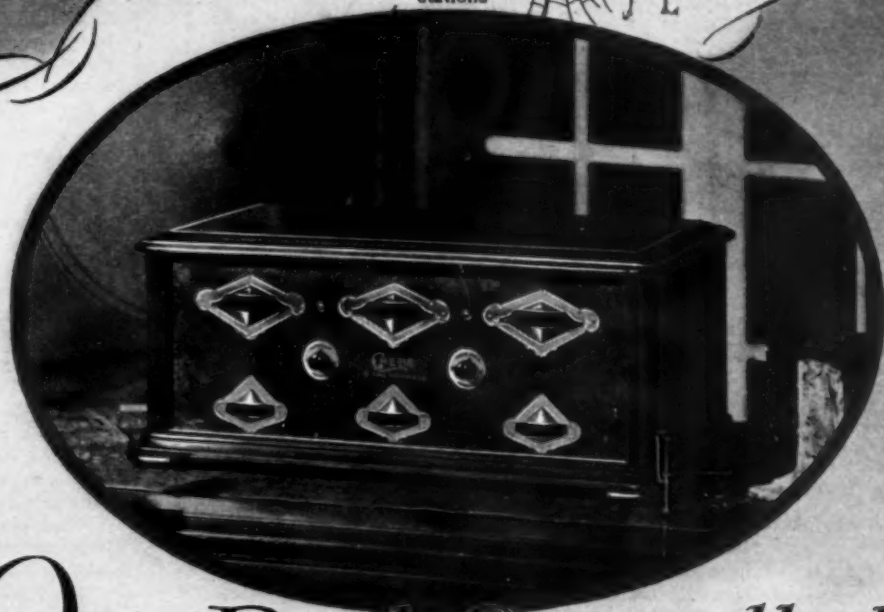
**The Fire Brigade, What Price Glory, Beau Geste, The Big Parade, Old Ironsides and The Scarlet Letter** are all on the required list.

Low-Wave  
Extension  
Circuits

tune all  
stations



**Colortone**  
controls the clarity  
of the loud speaker;  
keeps the tone true  
and natural.



# One Dial Controlled



**Flexible Unit  
Control**

makes the Grebe  
Synchrophase a One-  
Dial Control Set while  
permitting individual  
dial setting if desired.

and other exclusive features place the  
Grebe Synchrophase outstandingly  
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all the qualities that make for  
superior reception.

Send for Booklet L which explains them  
clearly; then ask a dealer to demonstrate.

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# The GREBE Synchrophase RADIO



Doctor Ma



The Synchrophase  
is also supplied in  
five console models.

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Native (to visitor): OF COURSE, WE DON'T ALWAYS HAVE SO MANY PEOPLE TRAVELLING BETWEEN MUDFORD AND SLOCOMBE; BUT YOU SEE THIS IS THE "RUSH HOUR."

—Punch (London), by permission.

## Revived



HE emerged from the dining-room of the fashionable hotel and went to the cloak-room, where he nonchalantly proceeded to crush one silk top-hat after the other.

The attendant, surprised at this behavior, demanded the reason for his action, whereupon the other replied:

"I'm looking for my own. It's a collapsible, you know. None of these here seem to be it."—Tit-Bits (London).

## That's Where the West Begins

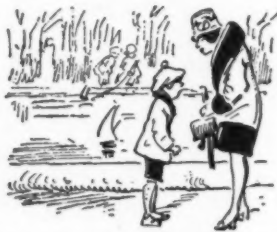
A CAFETERIA in Emporia placards the information: "This is a 5-cent cafeteria—homecooking—save your money and get a haircut."—Kansas City Star.

MARJORIE (receiving her first golf lesson): MUST I swear if I miss it, Daddy?—London Opinion.



Thoroughly Low Comedian: 'ULLO, CUTIE! WHOSE RADIATOR CAP DID YOU DROP OFF OF?—Harvard Lampoon.

EVERYTHING will be all right until American flappers start calling up the Prince of Wales.—Toronto Telegram.



"WHAT! YOU CAN'T HAVE FUN WITH YOUR BOAT ANY MORE? WELL, THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?" "A HYDROPLANE—IT'S MUCH MORE PRACTICAL."

—L'Illustration (Paris).

## Those Sesquicentennial Stamps

THE issue of postage stamps put out by our accommodating government to advertise the Sesquicentennial is not yet exhausted and we should think it would make a citizen of Philadelphia mad to get a letter with one on, just when he is trying to forget.—Ohio State Journal.

## Another Ulysses S.

"Jim Clardy came home from Wyoming Tuesday evening on the train, where he had been all summer."—Colorado paper.

FIGHTING it out, apparently, on that line.—New Yorker.

By far the most scathing remark we have yet heard concerning women drivers was this: "Here comes one now!"

—Toledo Blade.

It seems to us the movie "Faust" has missed a popular title. "When a Fellow Needs a Fiend" would have put it over with a bang.—Chicago Daily News.

Sign on a Ford: "On with the dents."—Michigan Gargoyle.

## Where Men Are Men

ALF P. JAMES, the Mexican bandit in "Rio Rita," tells of a fake Texas cowboy who roamed around Times Square claiming to be attached to a Wild West show playing Coney Island.

One day while bragging to a crowd of open-mouthed yaps he bumped into a real cowpuncher, who promptly stood him on his head. After picking himself up and running to a safe distance, he defiantly shook his fist and yelled back:

"You can assault me here in the crowded city, but wait until I get you out on the plains."

—New York Morning Telegraph.

## The Spirit of Competition

HE had found himself paired with an extraordinarily active partner in a Charleston competition.

"I have never competed in one of these tournaments before," she said, while pausing to recover breath.

"Then perhaps you didn't know I was your partner?" he remarked bitterly, rubbing his ankle.

"Good gracious, no—I thought we were drawn as opponents."—London News.

## Wedding

(In the Later Hollywood Manner)

"MURIEL MASCARA, film extra, and Arthur Chestheaver, millionaire screen hero, were married yesterday. The bride was attended by a maid of honor, four bridesmaids, a general agent, an attorney and two certified public accountants."

—Detroit News.

## Exit, Wes!

Ad. in Mercyville (la.) Banner: "NOTICE—I am good and damned through with this town. If anybody wants to buy my stuff see Ed. Taylor. Wesley Lapham."—Buffalo Courier-Express.

"WHAT's the wickedest thing in Paris?" "An American tourist."

—Cornell Widow.



City Girl: WHAT'S WORRYING YOU, DAVE, DEAR?

Dave: I WAS JUST WONDERIN' IF DAD WOULD BE SPORT ENOUGH TO DO TH' MILKIN' W'EN WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON S'POSIN' YEH SAID "YES" IF I ASKED YER.

—Bulletin (Sydney).

### The Dear Old Main Stem

"BROADWAY! Broadway! Bright thoroughfare of sorrows. Avenue of anguish! Street of tragedy shallowly hid in a thousand false smiles! Where fame teases, where temptation lurks. O Street whose deathless fire burns for the outspread wings of the guileless moth! O Street whose bliss is bought with the shamed tears of countless betrayed maidens! Highway of tinselled wretchedness, path of mean glories. Where beauty is broken on sin's cruel wheel! Where honor is reckoned in soiled dimes. Broadway! Broadway!" repeated the trolley car conductor, who believed what he read in the papers. "Sixth Avenue next."

—*New York Graphic.*

### Described

"HAVE you seen Norah's new evening frock?"

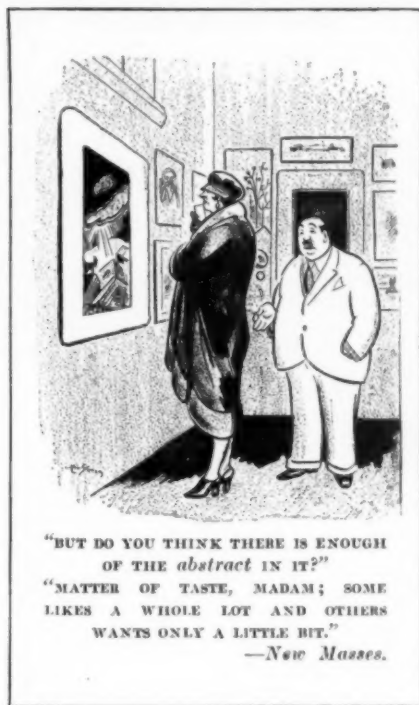
"No—what does it look like?"

"Well, in many places it's very like Norah."—*London Evening News.*

OVERHEARD at Forest Lawn Cemetery:

"And this is the grave of a famous Indian chief, named Hic Jacet."

—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*



"BUT DO YOU THINK THERE IS ENOUGH OF THE abstract IN IT?"

"MATTER OF TASTE, MADAM; SOME LIKES A WHOLE LOT AND OTHERS WANTS ONLY A LITTLE BIT."

—*New Masses.*

### No More Parades

WATCHING the military parade in honor of Washington's Birthday, Mrs. J.'s colored cook, enamored of such parades, began anticipating the next one, and asked:

"When dey gwine celebrate de birfday of dat ol' gentleman dey call Uncle Sam, an' how long is he been dead?"

—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Now Is That Fair?

FROM the Ridgefield (Conn.) Press: "Constable Jasper Walker returned Tuesday from an eight-week visit in Michigan. While away he visited relatives in Detroit, Flint, Lansing, Battle Creek and La Peer. He also inspected the State prison at Jackson. Mr. Walker had the pleasure of meeting relatives he had not seen for years."—*New York Sun.*

"Mr. W— was also to have sung the 'Volga Boat-Song,' but unfortunately his throat gave way."—*Local paper.*

No doubt, however, he will carry it out at some future concert.

—*Humorist (London.)*

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read **Life** regularly  
EVERY week!

WE CAN'T repeat that significant message too often—for your sake as well as for our own. Every issue of **Life** contains features that you won't want to miss. For instance—next week comes the

### TRAVEL NUMBER

which is special in every sense of the word. It is extra large; the cover is by COLES PHILLIPS; the double page cartoon by GLUYAS WILLIAMS—with an unusual number of pictures, poems and prose pieces by the keenest wits in the **Life** brigade.

Coming:  
the EASTER, SPORT and FASHION  
Numbers.

ESTABLISHED 1818

**Brooks Brothers,**  
**CLOTHING,**  
**Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.**  
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.

Spring Clothes & Haberdashery

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

**BOSTON** **PALM BEACH** **NEWPORT**  
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING  
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## Pocket Ben for everyday use

**F**OR consistent, accurate time-keeping, day after day, you can't beat Pocket Ben.

You can depend on him for correct time. He's a friendly little fellow, popular with everyone.

Pocket Ben is Big Ben's brother. The name "Westclox" on the dial identifies him as a member of the famous Westclox family.

Sold everywhere—\$1.50.  
With luminous night-dial \$2.25.

WESTERN CLOCK  
COMPANY  
LaSalle, Illinois

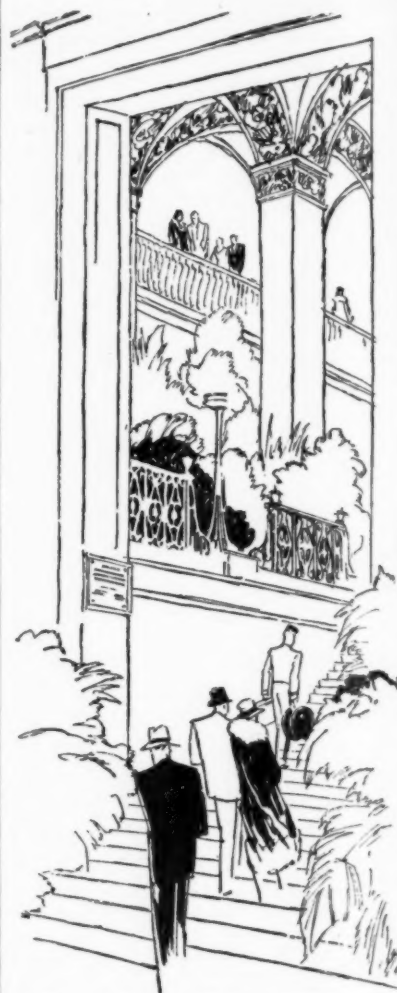
## Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 21)

Marge quoth, "The woman was the kind who exclaimed, after she had been in the drawing-room two seconds, 'Oh, what a lovely lampshade! Did you make it yourself?' a remark which our grandmothers would have considered extremely uncultivated," from which we did go on to the conclusion that if our grandmothers had made a lampshade which elicited such praise, they would probably have prevaricated to give the impression that it had come from some great decorator.

**March 9th** Awakened betimes by the arrival of the woman I have engaged to come in by the day to keep the pot-and-pan closet scrubbed, the floors and mirrors void of blemishes, the hangings vacuumed, and do other vital odds and ends which the servants seem to skimp, but somehow in our getting acquainted it did come out that she made excellent fudge, whereupon a childish appetite revived straightway within me, and I did set her to preparing some at once, causing considerable consternation in my kitchen. But I have learned that any harmless astonishment, however scandalous, is a welcome diversion amongst those whose own lives are subservient to the demands of others, so I did make no explanations soever, and fairly enjoyed their looking at me as if Sam would probably be off with me to Dr. Brill before the night fell. To luncheon at Fifi Fittler's, and there was a woman there who did tell how Ben Bernie had announced at the Palace that his orchestra would play a little piece entitled, "She Was Pure as the Driven Snow, But She Drifted," and it did put me in mind of my flapperhood when I considered such verbal excursions the height of humour. Lord! it was several years before I stopped laughing over the man who said that he would next sing a song entitled, "Give Me Half the Bed or I'll Tear Up the Sheets." At home all the evening, Sam writing a long letter to our cousins in England who are indifferent to their mail during the hunting season, so to make sure of its being opened he did inscribe on the envelope, "Strictly personal and very interesting."

Baird Leonard.

WATCH  
for the COLES PHILLIPS  
girl on the cover of the TRAV-  
EL NUMBER—next week.



## Clevelanders Prefer the CLEVELAND

**THEY**, who know it best, prefer Hotel Cleveland for its exceptional food, its quiet but friendly service, its furnishings and atmosphere of a luxurious home.

Clevelanders who are accustomed to the best the city affords, lunch and dine here every day and recommend this hotel to out-of-town friends. They consider it—as you will—more like a private club than a hotel. Yet rates for many rooms are as low as \$3, and a moderate priced Lunch Room supplements the main dining rooms.

Hotel Cleveland is on the Public Square, convenient to all parts of the city. Every room has private bath and servitor service.

**HOTEL  
CLEVELAND**  
PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND

## Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 9 for other information.)

**E**ACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER SIXTEEN.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it’s this way...” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant’s name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER SIXTEEN should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER SIXTEEN must reach LIFE’s office before 12 noon on April 14, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of May 5, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE’s staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

### Tickets, Please!

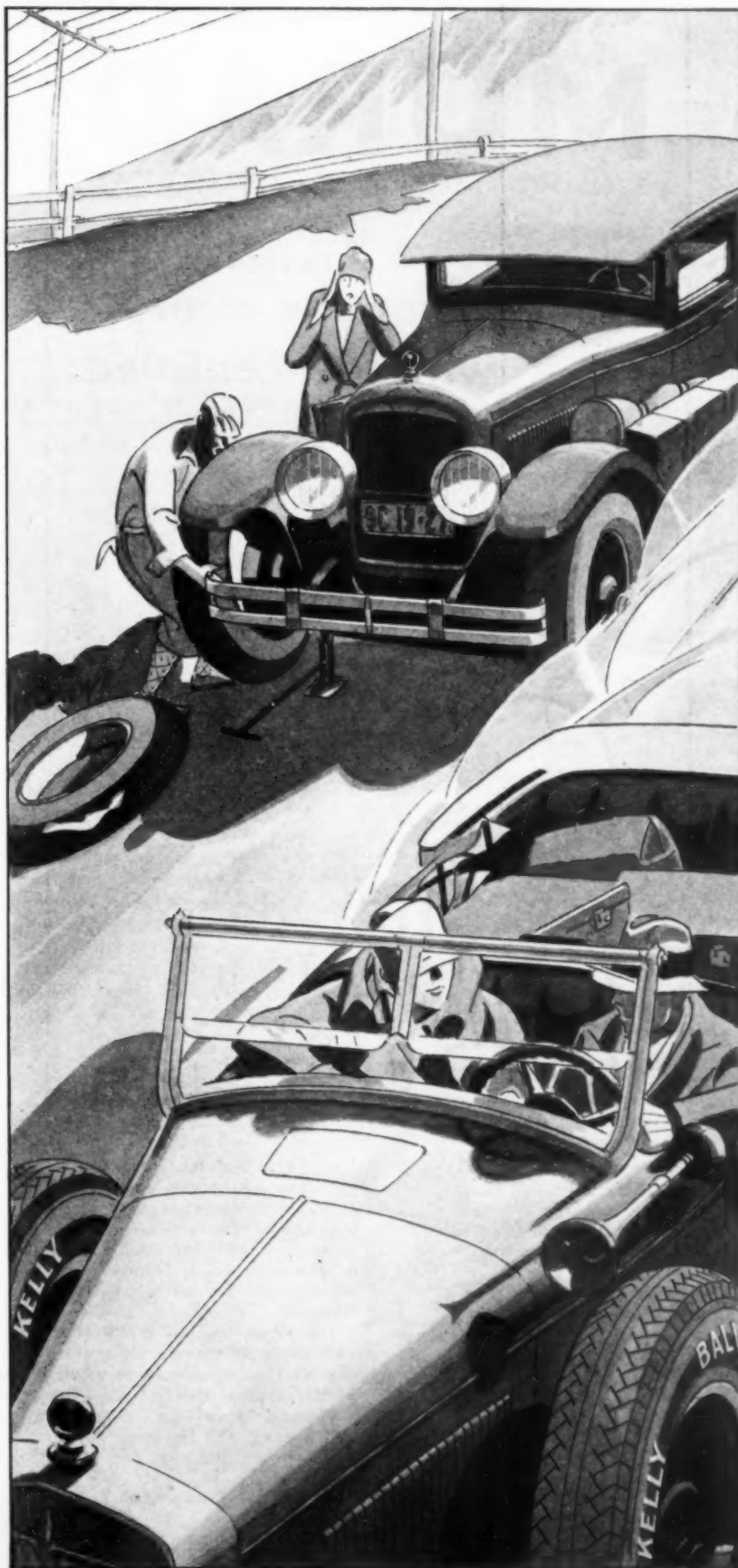
“Dox’r you wish you were a boy again, Cohen?”

“Yes, I could travel half fare.”

—Smith’s Weekly (Sydney).

### COLES PHILLIPS

has designed the cover, and GLUYAS WILLIAMS has done the center-page cartoon for the TRAVEL NUMBER, which arrives next week.



“That reminds me of the old days before we changed to Kelly-Springfields.”

# MURAD

THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE

For the man  
who feels entitled  
to life's  
better  
things



## Overheard in Arcady

I LOVE, but could not wed thee,  
Since wed, I could not love thee,  
And though they laugh to prove me  
Doubt's fool—I will not wed thee.

I have, but dare not hold thee,  
Lest holding so, I lose thee.  
There's naught thou would'st refuse me,  
And yet, I dare not hold thee.

Love, ask me not, to prove me;  
For, fearing I might lose thee,  
I could not then refuse thee,  
And wed, I could not love thee.

—Gwen Clear, in *The Spectator*.

## In England—Now

MEEK HOUSEWIFE (over garden wall):  
If I were a young bride like her I  
wouldn't allow him to order me about.  
But you see I am a pre-Prayer Book  
reform bride.—*London Evening News*.

## The Faithful Fireman

ON the concert program of one of the larger orchestras not long since was Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, the two climaxes of which are each followed by a trumpet passage offstage. The first climax came, but not a sound from the trumpet.

The conductor, considerably annoyed, went on to the second. Again there was silence. This time, the overture being finished, he rushed into the wings.

There he found the trumpet player still arguing with the house fireman.

"I tell you, you can't play that thing back here!" the latter was saying. "There's a concert going on."

—*New Yorker*.

"Is Nicaragua a nice place to spend the winter?"

"It will be."

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## Don't Ask Me Another!

By Duncan Underhill

(Following are the answers to the questions propounded by Inquisitive Clara, the Questionnaire Fiend.)

- NO. 1. They are bipeds.  
No. 2. The taxpayer.  
No. 3. An athletic contest between Harvard and Princeton.  
No. 4. Alabammy.  
No. 5. They are of opposite sexes, Mr. Guest being the male.  
No. 6. Gene Tunney.

## Spoiling a Success Story

LIFE is becoming very complicated for the youth of America. A young man took piano lessons and paid his way through barber college teaching music, so that he might barber his way through the fine arts department of a university. Now if he hadn't neglected to become a good shortstop, he might draw enough salary from a baseball league to support himself until his concerts get under way.

—*Kansas City Star*.

## NEXT WEEK

The TRAVEL NUMBER—an extra-large bundle of international humor. Cover by COLES PHILLIPS.



## Freddy Frosh Says—

"WHEN it comes to hurdling a Charleston or two, Arabella knows her onions. A mean little looker too. Nothing spoils the picture—not even a wisp peeping out from under arms. I love Arabella."

It pays to use the old bean when it comes to removing underarm hair. Shaving is just too bad. But Neet turns the trick—dissolves hair at the roots and leaves no trace of its removal. It jams the emergency on the further growth of hair. And it's easy to use. Simply a cream. Test Neet. Get a tube from the druggist's at the corner.



# Neet

## For Sore Throat

use Absorbine, Jr.  
—inside and outside

USED as a gargle, a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water destroy germs, relieve irritation and soothe the inflamed tissue.

Outside, used full strength, it breaks up the congestion and relaxes tension of the muscles.

Keep it handy—use it freely—it has many other valuable uses.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid.

A Sure Way To  
End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



## Broadcastings

(Continued from page 22)

at baccarat "fades" a tableful of players for the amount of the bank, and if the man next to the banker wants to "shoot the works," he says "banco" out of the middle instead of the side of his mouth.

To be sure, in playing baccarat at Cannes, an untitled American often holds the bank and "fades" the ex-King of Portugal, several titled Englishmen and one or two Grand Dukes, and this no doubt explains why a few New York theatrical managers and Hollywood motion-picture producers visit Cannes each winter when they could lose just as much money and save the steamship fares by shooting craps in New York. In New York, however, they could shoot craps only with one another, and not with the ex-King of Portugal. He has never been to New York, and as for the Crown Prince of Sweden, when he was in New York, he didn't even play crokinole in the Swedish branch of the Y. M. C. A.

Cannes therefore is the only place to play games of either baccarat or tennis—for a living, for social distinction or for amusement. For playing tennis with his inferiors, our adopted nobleman will unquestionably charge one hundred francs or four dollars an hour. On the other hand, he will play tennis with his equals for the fun of the thing, while our theatrical managers and motion-picture producers are willing to pay handsomely for the social distinction of playing baccarat with the ex-King of Portugal and the assorted Russian Grand Dukes of Cannes.

\* \* \*

IT is difficult to master the art of being drunk with dignity, but the East End of London on a Saturday night offers a great many examples of it. In a Kansas town under Prohibition, there isn't half the sobriety of behavior which you will find among the slightly stewed occupants of a London County Council trolley car after the public houses have closed on Saturday night.

Recently a respectable-looking drunkard was sitting in a tram bound for Ilford, with a newspaper spread in front of him, apparently reading it in a most absorbed fashion.

"I beg your pardon," said a well-meaning neighbor, "but aren't you reading that paper upside down?"

"Huh?" the drunken gentleman grunted.

"I said, aren't you reading that newspaper upside down?"

"Yuss! I am!" the solemn drunkard said emphatically. "And let me tell you, it takes a bit o' doin', too."

Is Your  
Mind Dressed  
Like This?

Zona Gale, the famous novelist, says that a woman who would not dream of wearing a hat like this, will often read out-of-date books. The woman who long ago discarded starched petticoats still often reads books just as old-fashioned.

Unless you are reading the right new books, your mind and your conversation will seem to the well-read just as your clothes would appear if you were dressed like this.

How are you to know the right new books? For people who wish to be as modern in their minds as they are in their clothes and their houses, there is a simple way out. You can get the right new books, and you can get them at half price through the Literary Guild of America.

The Guild brings you twelve chosen new books a year. One book will come each month, selected by a famous editorial board whose judgment you can trust.

Editor-in-Chief—Carl Van Doren;  
Associate Editors—Zona Gale,  
Elinor Wylie, Hendrik Willem van  
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Frank, President of Wisconsin  
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You get these books at half the price you pay for single books at the bookstores.

Send the coupon for free illustrated booklet, containing interesting articles by famous authors telling you how to get the books at half price. Keep your mind as modern as your clothes and your house.

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# G.C.

## He was a Real American

As the eyes of the country turn toward the next presidential election, think of

### Grover Cleveland

He placed principles above vote-getting. He did not capitalize his silence. His friends loved him. Entirely new light is thrown on the human side of Cleveland by three authorities and intimates: John Finley, of the *New York Times*; John G. Milburn, noted New York lawyer; Paul van Dyke, of Princeton University, in the April *Scribner's Magazine*.

Cleveland as sportsman, as companion, as friend revealed. Illustrated by valuable and rare autographs and photographs.

#### IN THE SAME NUMBER

"The George Washington Scandals," by John C. Fitzpatrick  
"Is the Preacher a Professional?" by Theodore Wesley Darnell  
"The Next War and How To Nip It," by Albert Guérard  
Two New Stories by Ernest Hemingway, author of that brilliant novel, "The Sun Also Rises."

**Extra!**

A larger magazine, beginning with the May number, to carry the first big instalment of a new kind of detective story. It is called "The 'Canary' Murder Case." It will be complete in four numbers. Remember the first instalment is in the May *Scribner's*.

# in April Scribner's

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—*Wesleyan Wasp*.

#### A NEW ALIBI

and other pleasant surprises in next week's issue—the *TRAVEL NUMBER*. Don't miss it!

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#### Among the New Books

**Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord.** By Heywood Brown and Margaret Leech (*Boni & Liveright*). An interesting and not unsympathetic story of the stormy career of one of America's most amazing characters.

**Heart in a Hurricane.** By Charles G. Shaw (*Brentano's*). The adventures of I. Rupert Twombly as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Leisure at the University of New York and Newport.

**Elmer Gantry.** By Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). An absorbing close-up of a Methodist minister, before and after taking, which, because of the fine brush-work in its background, should make splendid material for controversy.

**The Silver Cord.** By George Agnew Chamberlain (*Putnam*). A mystery story proving the eternal treachery of circumstantial evidence.

**Black April.** By Julia Peterkin (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A novel of plantation life in the South Carolina lowlands with an all-Negro cast of the type which has inspired the spirituals and hymns of our folk music.

**Ask Me Another!** By Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty (*Viking Press*). The latest first-aid to the nervous hostess, with an introduction (not to the hostess) by our own Mr. Benchley.

**Sons of the Eagle.** By George Creel (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Another book of Great Americans, with much of our history unfolded in the various biographical sketches.

**Aurelius Smith, Detective.** By R. T. M. Scott (*Dutton*). A collection of short detective stories centering around the figure that, in the author's last book, ran down the villain who had a machine gun in a Park Avenue apartment.

**Andy Brandt's Ark.** By Edna Bryner (*Dutton*). Add to novels of family life.

**The Road to the Temple.** By Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). A biography of George Cram Cook, the author's husband.

**The Crescent Moon.** By F. Brett Young (*Dutton*). A romance laid in one of the outposts of civilization in the heart of East Africa.

**Gray Dawn.** By Albert Payson Terhune (*Harper*). The hero is a silver-gray collie.

**The Ardent Flame.** By Frances Winwar (*Century*). A historical romance based on the Malatestas, warlike lords of pre-Renaissance Italy. B. L.

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